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Nevertheless I have
already observed, that it is next to an
impossibility to assign names for ev-
-ery division or modification of compo-
-sition of paper, and that if it were
practicable, it would be utterly use-
-less. If Adam were assisted by di-

one inspiration when he gave names to the orders of the animal creation it would require a higher organization and a more nice intuition of superior intellect to distinguish habits and designate the peculiar traits of mind.

But this is no apology for the abuse of language and its barrier to the improvement of our modes of expression. It will not justify that violent and absurd perversion of terms by which the names for an appetite are given to our prejudices, the real merits of the immutable principles of our nature restored to their own significancy.

Of this nature is the substitution of Love for Like, and other terms of similar import. This abuse is not only found in the morality of the fair marauders on their mother tongue, but it has established itself

in our language; it has crept into our best authors; it has rendered the most sublime verse, and made it mean every thing and nothing.

It is curious to consider all the uses which four poor letters are often put to. In the course of a volume, they will often perform more things, than a comedian does characters, in the course of his theatrical employments: and like him, they must play in the majority of their parts. But cannot make the same symbol represent two different things with equal propriety in both; and nature cannot form a man who shall support himself naturally as a hero or a fop, a monarch or a buffoon.

Let us behold one of the applications of the word Love, in its abuse, which may be remedied, and in

is other ways, which are too old and too respectable in numbers and in age to be susceptible of alteration or reformation.

Many of the first may be apologized for by calling them 'peculiarities'. Thus a poet may be in love with his muse or with fame. When the ideal object of devotion is removed, the epic vanishes and the detriment to language ensues.

But what shall we say of that tongue which is so fertile in epithets that the affection of a drunkard for his bottle, of a rake for a prostitute, and a Christian for his God, is signified by the same name? Some of these abuses are undoubtedly casual, and the effects of negligence. But for divine aspirations and sensual appetites, it is certain that we have

but one generic appellation for the affection of the soul and the emotions of the body; when there is no connexion or analogy between them. The Greeks could say αγαπαω, φιλεω, στεργω εραω. but we can only express our selves by using the same epithet- I love, my child, my mistress, my friend, my friend, my Maker. Every one knows how much the consequent association must weaken the conceptions of even the nature of that, which in its own supremacy excludes all comparison and inference.

Hurled an inhabitant from the moon be dropped among us, he would suppose, as he began to acquire our language, that Jacky Dandy had the same passion for plum cakes and sugar candy that a Landlady of France had for an officer, and that that officer entertained for brandy-o.

In passing from these preserving

of speech, we may remark the appli-
:cation of the term love to brings four
our species solely is not a restriction
without any foundation. Friendship
may reasonably one of the species of love,
when an attachment to a brute has no
constituent of the affection.

Speaking then of Love as a
genus, the first order that presents
itself is the mere sensual passion.
yet who would allow that transient af-
:fection to be designated by such a term.
Notwithstanding, it has as much pre-
:tension to stand in the ranks of this
powerful generalissimo as any of its
other veterans, excepting that idea
to which it properly attaches.

Of Love, in its principal sense
the last is, that we can speak,
at once philosophically and perfectly.
The Mathematician finds the theory
and the practice to be like two para-
:llel lines which may be extended

by approximation, but which never meet. The lawyer, if he concludes it a thing in rerum natura, does not at any rate believe it in esse. We are told that it is a unique passion; but what two tastes are alike? If a certain quantity of all its ingredients is necessary, how few are capable of being inspired by it. We all know how nature modestly her operations. She mashes of mankind the moulds of her undarned sh[illegible] and sends them away, as Petrarch says, ashamed of her own work. When she gives a preponderance of one excellence she makes up for her generosity by some deficiency elsewhere. Thus beauty in the person is too often allied with depravity in intellect as in temper; and vice versa. We leave this prime idea of love, therefore, as we found it — to be imagined by misses in their teens and painted by minstrels and romancers.

But there is certainly a distinc-

tion between the passion in its origin state, and the nature of its growth when ~~when~~ reared and chastened by experience; when uncertain hope is changed for pure reality; when the union of hearts is confirmed by mutual sacrifice and cemented by living pledges. Conjugal affection has had fewer poets than Love in its principal sense; but than inspiration was more fervent, their views more certain, their strains more true to nature, and their energy more sublime.

Of the love between brothers, sisters & brethren and sisters, it may generally be remarked that the more tender is the strongest affection. To this by of nature, the community of infancy, the identity of interest, the difference of sex adds another link on the part of knowledge that protection is loved for or is given, the demands of female helplessness & the attributes of manly

friendship, under the connexion between brother and sister, next to that between father and daughter, the most pure and sacred among the relations of life.

The relation between Father and daughter is of a peculiar order. Addison has so well described it, that none can add to his sentiments without annihilating them, or take from them without destroying their precision and beauty. "Certain it is, that there is no kind of "affection so pure and angelic, as that "of a Father to a Daughter. He beholds "her both with and without regard to her "Sex. In love to our Wives there is desire, "to our Sons there is ambition; but in "that to our Daughters, there is something "which there are no words to express." He ascribes it partly to her domestic nature, and partly to the helplessness and hazard of her sex.

A modern poet has attempted a

+ Spectator 449.

description of this order of love. It is pretty, but like the whole of the poem from which it is taken, seems to want that energy, without which rhyme has no life -

> If all the knots which nature ties,
> The secret, sacred sympathies
> That, as with viewless chains of gold,
> The hearts in happy prime hold -
> One is more chaste, more bright, more pure,
> Stronger stern trials to endure,
> None is more fenced of earthly fears,
> More like the love of Angel-hearts,
> Than that which binds, in bonds blest
> A daughter to a father's breast.

DE HANCE. c. III. 61.

He assigns the mother's likeness as the origin of the peculiarity of this affection.

Of Platonic love, we shall have only, that we do not believe in its existence. Friendship seems to require a union of ingredients corresponding to those of love. It contains the bare ideal of that passion; and while Friendship resembles the Belvidere Apol-

So, with human passions but God-like in its purity and nature, Love is formed on the same model, but has the dross of mortality. Like Love, it is impossible to speak precisely of Friendships in the abstract. We are certain that it cannot exist between fools or cowards; but it seems to be remarkably like Love in a grand particular, that it is most generally in being, when one of the parties is weakest and the other superior, either in mind or body. This is the case in all the instances of real exalted friendships which have been given to immortality. We may remark that friendships between literary men of any distinction are rarely very close. They exist not in fact. Envy is too subtle, too easily generated in rich soils, to slumber long where equality begets competitions.

It is strange that the remedies which experience, philosophy and wit have devised, for the excesses or inconveniences of the affections passing under this general name, should be so vastly different and apparently unconnected.

Thus for unfortunate love, dissipation, a convent, the field of glory, a halter. For the henpeckt, Christian resolution, a cudgel. For Self love, reading, dragging through a hedge: hurd, conviction of sin, clysters.

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